OF WRITERS AND BOOKS.

"SACRARISSA"_AN ACCOUNT OF POROTHY SIDNEY.

The Novel-Its Aim-Mrs, Oliphant's Latest-The Munkacay Portrait in the Wahruary Century New Books.

Everybody has seen or pictured to himself those beautiful Vandyke women in voluminous sleaves, love-lock curling over tranquil brows, taperig throats clasped by pearls, and lovely hands fingering a full-blown rose, which hang in the dim rooms of Hampton Palace or cast a luminous glance out of old-fashioned frames in Trafalgar Square. These are the nymphs and graces painted by Lely and Kneller and the prince of Flemish Vans-Vandyke, coquetting still on immortal canvases and inspiring with their mute historic beauty the quivering quills of poet and sonneteer. To them Waller warhled and them the Tattler praised in a later degenerate generation, and with them Sir Roger danced in the courtly times of Charles and great Anne. Essayists celebrate their "awful mein," their graces, their winning attraction; they helouged to great famillies and were the grandes dames of an age when Versatlles was beginning to rise under the magic touch of Mansard and every lady must have her eyebrows sung in cadenced stangas. canvases and inspiring with their mute

ciangas.
Of these great ladies one of the greatest and lovellest was Dorothy Sidney, a scion of that histroic house to which Sir Philip and her own brother, the fill-fated Algorom, belonged, the Sidneys of Penshurst, of "Arcadia," of "Astrophel," and "The Defense of Poesie." Their blood was always ready to be poured out on oattlefield or scaffold, and their pens were equally mighty with their swords. Second only to what they did themselves was any to what they did themselves was hat they inspired in others. The slender amortality of Waller, the most celerated lyric poet of the seventeenth centry, hangs to the girdle of Dorothy Sidey and breathes in the perfume of a rose telebrate support to be a possible to the support to the by and breathes in the perfume of a rose high he sung of in her honor. His Verses on a Girdle" and "Song to the case" are forever associated with the table smile that flashes half fronteally at of Vandyke's picture and the minia-

out of Vandyke's picture and the miniature at Fenshirst.

The fickle and faithless widower dared to aspire to the eldest daughter of Robert, Earl of Leicester, and when she disdained his plea, he revenged himself only by enshriding her with "ces belies dames dutems jadis," Beatrice and Laura and Loonara, and all the beautiful and gracious things that "Thirsis" loved or Phoebus shone upon. Her wit and discretion were as celebrated as her beauty, and she wrote letters which sparkled with gossip and sprightliness when women could hardly write at all. She lived through the reign of Charles I. and almost through that of Charles I., assembling around her the scholars and statesmost through that of Charles II., assembling around her the scholars and statesmen of the age, and, later, inspiring the reign of Anne with tender recollections of her purity and high breeding. Of course suitors were numerous in the train of so mightly a lady, but her affections extend not on the lovelorn Walter-in. settled not on the lovelorn Waller-in spite of his "roses" and "gtrdles"-but on the Earl of Sunderland, whose early death cast a shadow over Dorothy's life. She passed through all the horrors of the civil war, but after a widowhood of nine civil war, but after a widowhood of nine years her bright eyes smiled again on an admiring suitor, this time Sir Robert Emythe of a powerful Kentish family. Ultimately Lord Halifax became her sonin-law, and we find the famous lady mixed up in all the gossip of the day, alert, accomplished, dignified, a fit successor of the celebrated Stella whom Sir Philip sang in his "Astrophel" sonnets. About two dozen letters are all that remain of her active correspondence: Miss Julia two dozen letters are all that remain of her active correspondence; Miss Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Henry Ady), has so in-terwoven them with history, anecdote and comment that a skilful and pictur-seque tableau of the times is the result; we know Sacharissa almost in the flesh and her lineaments light up from the fading canvas as if they had been newly painted.

The Aim of the Novel. That a novel should amuse and interest the reader is generally admitted, but it is often said that a novel should also instruct. What the Germans call Tendenz-Roman, or the purpose-novel, is the realization of this idea. The purpose-novel proposes to escape from any definition of the novel in general, and makes itself an "intellectual moral lesson," instead of an "intellectual artistic luxury." It conan 'intellectual artistic luxury.' It constitutes a violation of the unwritten contract tacitly existing between writer and reader. The purchaser of such a novel finds himself swindled. What we call a novel may educate the taste and cultivate the intelligence; under the hand of genius it may purify the heart and fortify the relatify it should never, under any circummind; it should never, under any circum-stances, be suffered to deprave the one weaken the other; it may stand for or to weaken the other; it may stant is scores of years—and a score of years is a long time in our day—as the exposition of all that is noble, heroic, honest and true in the life of woman or man; but it has no right to tell us what its writer thinks about the relations of labor and thinks about the reations of lates capital, nor to set up what the author conceives to be a nice, original, easy scheme of salvation, any more than it has a right to take for its theme the relative merits of the "broomstick-car" and the "storage system," temperance, vivi-section, or the "ideal Man" of Convivi-section, or the "Ideal Man" of Con-fucius, Lessons, lectures, discussions, sermons and didactics generally belong to institutions set apart for especial pur-poses, and are carefully avoided, after a certain age, by the majority of those who wish to be amused. The purpose-novel is an odious attempt to lecture people who hate lectures, to preach at people who prefer their own church, and to teach people who think they know enough ai-ready. It is an ambush, a lying in wait for the unsuspecting public, a violation for the unsuspecting public, a violation of the social contract; and as such it ught to be either mercilessly crushed r forced by law to bind itself in black ad label itself "Purpose" in very big

art of all kinds the moral lesson is a mistake. It is one thing to exhibit an ideal worthy to be imitated, though in-imitable in all its perfection, but so clearly noble as to appeal directly to the sym-pathetic string that hangs untuned in the dullest human heart; to make man the dullest human heart; to make man brave without arrogance, woman pure without prodishness, love enduring, yet earthly, not angelic, friendship sincere, but not ridiculous. It is quite another matter to write a "guide to mortality," or a "handbook for practical sinners," and call either one a novel, no matter how much fiction it may contain.—F. Marion Crawford, January Forum.

Mrs. Oliphant's "Diana."

Mrs. Oliphant's "Diana."
"Diana," by Mrs. Oliphant, is unlike the usual English novel of incidents and scenes, and illustrates instead the French idea of fiction, which, as a rule, is the analysis of the relationship of less than half-a-dozen people. Here the entire story is confined to the noble and large-ninded Diana, to the two little selfish women who lived on her bounty and to the hero Fandolfinl, who sacrificed both the hero Pandolfini, who sacrificed both through a clumsy blunder, it had been made to appear that he wished to pay his made to appear that he wished to pay his addressus to one of the little women. It is the story of Cinderella reversed, for in this case Cinderella is rich and the two selfash slaters are poor, and it is they who get the Prince, because one of them holds out her toes for the glass slipper and insists that if fits her, though no one in all the court believes it, least of all the Prince, who, however, considers it a point of honor not to disappoint her. If this is modern chivalry and hopor, we prefer the good old alry and honor, we prefer the good old legend that grew and flourished when life was primitive and there was more jus-tice and less honor. At least the other is not so irritating as this modern version,

tue to be self, sbnegatory, but is it the highest virtue to actually foster hypocrisy and fraud? Mrs. Oliphant has made a very careful and distinct study of character in terse and brilliant style, but she has sactificed somsthing of the interest of her story by foregong, voluntarily we suspect, the entire and unrestrained sympathy of her readers.

The Charm of Song. Cicala for its love cicala chooses, And ant for ant has tender ecstacies, Hawks love hawks, but I song and the

Muses.
O brim my house with singing; sweeter The Muses' voice to me than to the

Are flower-cups; sweeter than slumbering, dearer than the early-blowing

spring!
Ah, those on whom the Muses' smile is No Circe injures with her evil charm!

Munkacsy's Portrait.

"Paint me warts and all," said Crom-well to the painter, who was about to transfer his rugged features to canvas. Liszt may have said this to Munkacsy; but the artist did not take advantage of the permission. I have before me the February Century, with a fine engrav-ing by T. Johnson from the Munkacsy portrait; also a photograph from life that portrait; also a photograph from life that I bought in Paris in 1886. The latter is larger than the engraving, and is the most life-like photograph I ever saw. In this we have the great pianist "warts and all," and although the pose of the head is almost the same as in the painting, the painter has turned the head just far enough around to hide the blemishes.

A volume of travels by M. Jules Michelet has recently been discovered and edited by his widow. It is called "On the Highways of Europe." Mrs. Mary J. Serrano has made a translation of the book, which will be published by the Cassell Publishing Company about the widdle of February some works in ad-Cassell Fublishing Company about the middle of February, some weeks in advance of its publication in France. The book is said to be in Michelet's most engaging manner, so that its appearance will prove a delight as well as a surprise to his admirers.

will prove a delight as well as a surprise to his admirers.

A previously unpublished poem by Charlotte Bronte will form an interesting item in the February Cornhili.

Phillips Brooks' popular sermon on the gains of growing old will be published in a few days by Messrs. Dutton with the title. "The Good Wine at the Feast's End." The proofs were corrected by the Bishop a short time before he died.

Macmillan & Co. announce for this month a new volume by the author of "Marius the Epicurean." entitled "Plato and Platonism." It will be uniform with the last American edition of Mr. Fater's books. From the same publishers will come a novel treatment of the belief in a future state, under the title of "The Unseen World."

The University of the City-of New York has become the purchaser of the Paul de Lawrent I Marry, recently bequested to

seen World."

The University of the City-of New York has become the purchaser of the Paul de Lagarde Library, recently bequeathed to the Royal Society of Gottingen. The money to secure the collection has been guaranteed by some fifty citizens of New York. The Royal Society was disposed to sell it to a university which would keep it unbroken rather than to private dealers, and accepted a bid of \$1,205. The secretary of the society has sent a cable-gram notifying the university that it may expect a Government decree conveying the library to the University of the City of New York. The North Germon Lloyd Steamship Company will bring the books to this country free of charge.

The Millicent Memorial Library at Fairhaven, Mass., was dedicated on January

to this country free of charge.

The Millicent Memorial Library at Fairhaven, Mass., was dedicated on January 20th in the presence of a large number of people from that town and surrounding places.

"The Aim of the Novel" is the title of a cathy little volume by F. Marion Crawford which Macmillan & Co. have on the press. Mr. Crawford's papers published in The Forum are the foundation of the work, but are far from being the whole of it. The subject is one that he has been studying for years.

Mr. J. Addington Symonds is at work upon a "Study of Walt Whitman" (the thinker and the writer, rather than the man), which he hopes to issue in a small volume. He is also preparing a third edition of his "Studies of Greek Poets." which will present the two series in chronological order.

"Carmen Sylva." Queen of Roumania, is the author of the illustrated article on Bucharest, the Roumanian capital, published in Harper's Weekly of February let, in the series on the Capitals of the

st, in the series on the Capitals of th

The Citizen has been decided upon as The Citizen has been decided upon as the name of the new Philadelphia weekly. The Point of View being discarded. Mr. Henry Collins Walsh will be the manga-ing editor; Mr. Francis Howard Williams ing editor; Mr. Francis Howard Williams the literary editor, and the following staff will have charge of departments and assist in the editorial work: Mr. Har-rison S. Morris, Professor Angelo Heil-prin, Miss Agnes Repplier, Mr. Owen Wister, Mr. Thomas Earle White, Miss Anne H. Wharton and Professor Edmund

Hungarian papers report that the Empress of Austria has acquired such astery over modern Greek that she has een able to translate into that language, for her own gratification and without any aid, "Hamlet," "Lear" and "The Tem-pest." During the progress of her studies the Empress is said to have procured all the Neo-Hellenic translations of Heine's poems in order to read again the songs

The Hot Water Fad.

The hot water cure for dyspepsia, indi-The not water cure for dyspessas man gestion and kindred aliments is by no means a novelty, but the manner in which it is habitually practiced at the country home of a wealthy New York business man is certainly out of the ordinary. The country home aforesaid is not more than half an hour's ride by rail from New York and It is a very attractive resort York, and it is a very attractive resort for the young friends of the hospitable

owner.

A few weeks ago a member of one of the athletic clubs in this city, a young giant in stature and a second Gladstone in physical health and vigor, received a cordial invitation to spend a few days at this country mansion. He accepted with alacrity and presented himself before his health and the appointed time. nost and hostess at the appointed time host and hostess at the appointed time. He had a most agresable time, but in narrating his experience to a chum a few days after his return to the city he said: "It was a jolly visit. Everybody there was as nice as could be, and Mr. M.'s hospitality is simply delicious. But there was one thing that staggered me at the outset—that was their custom of drinking clear hot water.

"Each night before the family and guests dispersed to their respective rooms

"Each night before the family and guests dispersed to their respective rooms a servant would appear in the drawing room with a pitcher of hot water and a lot of gobiets. Everybody was expected to drink a gobietful of that exhilarating beverage, because the hot water cure is the special fad of the host. Well, of course I had no use for hot water taken internally, but I drank it, of course, as each of the others did. A second dose of the same liquid was served to us in our rooms each morning while we were the same liquid was served to us in our rooms each morning while we were dressing for breakfast. A servant came around just after the rising hell was rung and left a small pitcher of hot water and a goblet at each room. I quietly poured my morning allowance down the waste was the country of the washstand."—New York pipe of the washstand."-New Times.

An Opportunity to Make a Safe and

Profitable Investment. The United Banking and Building Com pany, 821 east Main street, offers for sale a limited number of the shares of its capital stock, fully paid and nonof its capital stock, thiry paid and hom-assessable, at \$50 per share. A cash divi-dend of 6 per cent. payable semi-annually, is paid on the cost of this stock. The stock also participates in the profits of stock also participates in the profits of the company, and is redeemed by the company at its majurity (which is esti-mated to be about eighty-four months) at \$190 per share, regardless of the cash dividends already paid the holder thereof. Investors are invited to call or write for a prospectus of the company.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria

MR. CLEVELANDAT HOME

HIS QUIET FAMILY LIFE IN THE JERSEY PINE WOODS.

Baby Ruth's Sled, the Russian Cutter and the Visiting Statesmen-Something About the Town,

(Copyright, 1893.) LAKEWOOD, N. J., Feb. 8.-The little white house at Lakewood is about the most

ionesome place of human residence in the State. The New York reporters have spoken of it vaguely as approached from the station by a "plank walk." This is a generous figure of speech. Lakewood is designed for "carriage people" almost exclusively, and the plank walk is confined to the business sec-

wonders where the town is. "Go right down that read past the big notel," says the native who has watched the stranger look about. He didn't want to ask for what I was looking.

The Cleveland house lies northeast from

tion of the town. Elsewhere it is sporadic.

The station is away on one side of every-

thing and the visiting statesmen at first

the station and fully three-quarters of a mile away. The village lies mainly to the southwest, Only the big Lakewood Hotel, where all the visiting statesmen stop, is anywhere near it. Not even that is in sight. From the station the hotel lies hidden be-yond a low swelling height of land for which "ridge" is a term expressing altogether too much. From the hotel, entirely surround-ed by photograph of it was ever taken because no camera that was ever made can "take it all in" at the limited range made necessary by the surrounding woods. Still another gen-tie ridge smaller than the last, and that past.

rarrow way between taller pines and is loss to view. Thousands of acres lie toward Southard and Squankum and Bennett's Mills.

Mills.
Yet the house is not quite without connection with the outside world. Day or night, the favorite walk of Lakewood newadays is just to the edge of the little clearing. And in case of need, a freshly peeled pine telegraph and 'phone pole, which stands in the yard a conspleuous object against the dark pines in the background, has a companionable lock.

Lakewood itself hasn's recently seen so dull a January—that is, the town with its

dull a January—that is, the town with its three other big hotels hasn't. All the poli-ticians hang around the Lakewood Hotel, and the village drug store man, who has imported two big pine buds from Delaware to give his shop the true Lakewood flavor, bemeans the fact. This month will be very different. The cottage life of the place will soon be at its height. Ex-Secretary Whitney has a cottage here. The Freemans have a magnificent house set deep in a block of

soon be at its height. Ex-Secretary Whitney has a cottage here. The Freemans have a magnificent house set deep in a block of land whereon the pines are still allowed to remain. For the most part the village is devoid of them. The Blaine family is represented in the place by Emmons Blaine's wife and her parents, the McCormicks, of Chicago, and Nathan Straus, of New York, who sold coal to the poor at cost at his yard, is one of the big land owners.

The family life of the Clevelands is very quiet, sensible and democratic. They are not lionized, nor do the Lakewood people bother them in any way. Mr. Cleveland comes down from New York on the Lakewood special, getting in just at dusk. The idlers at the station are no more numerous than at any country village. Sometimes the pretty pair of bays is waiting for him, sometimes he walks up the three-quarters of a mite of slush with a sturdy stride. A modest retinue of servants sleep mainly in a small building back of the house.

Everybody is interested in Baby Ruth. She is now a year and a half cld, sturdy, ruddy cheeked and well developed. Lakewood people have seen her so often that there is no particular mystery about her. Sometimes she accompanies Mrs. Cleveland on a drive behind the nodding red plumes of the Russian sleigh. Her own particular favorite is an ordinary child's sled with a baby carriage box without a hood set on top. When I passed the house once she was

when I passed the house once she was howling in lusty American fashion.

"But she almost never cries," said a lady to whem I remarked it. This lady had been

ing class, which is being instructed under the auspices of the Friemans and others.

Of the visiting statemen little is seen in town. Mr. Bayard and Mr. Lamont are best known in the piace. Lakewood knews no more about the Cabines than is printed in the papers, but every statesman who shows up is in turn regarded as a certainty for Cabines honors. Harrity and Hensel were a pussie. Both couldn't be "slated," and so Lakewood pitched upon Mr. Harrity and so Lakewood pitched upon Mr. Harrity and the New York and Philadelphia aftersoon expresses were called the "office acekers' special." A good many people have come here from all parts of the country, whose presence was not in the least desired. Some of them—a good many—are turned back at the hotel. Manager Sterry is getting to be a keen politician and can tell an Arkanasa Democrat from a Boston drummer half a mile off. When, however, visitors whose mistance is not required in disposing of offices do make their way to the custard pie house they find Mr. Cleveland reasonably patient under the infliction.

Lakewood itself is an interesting place, which was rapidly coming into favor with New Yorkers like ex-Mayor Hewitt and Park Commissioner Streus before Mr. Cleveland took it up. It was an iron manufacturing village, where a man named Brick half works. He had 22,000 acres of Jersey pine barrens, and died poor, as might have been expected. His family had the unspeakable folly to suppose that a winter resort named "Bricksburg" could be a success. They had the idea, and in 1880 some New York men bought out the property and supplied the name, and things began to look up. The Jersey Central built the finest small station in the State, the land company spent a host of dollars in cutting reads through the woods. The lake is a narrow strip of water only two miles long and never more than a quarter wide. It is completely surrounded by the property of the ccmpany, and except at the dam at its lower end, there is no house upon it. There is, however, a "kissing bridge," an echo an

ARRIVING AT DIPET THE WAITING REAM. THE CLEVELAND COTTAG CHABY RUTH'S SLEIGH .. WEABY RUTH M THE MORNING STREET PINE PARK

CLEVELAND AS HE IS SEEN IN LAKEWOOD.

and too small to bear a name. Still beyond at the old Laurel House-the one in the and too small to bear a name. Still beyond that, on the right, stands the Cleveland cottage. A ten-acre plot goes with it, but of this only an acre and a half is cleared in part, toward the scuth, and on the other side the house, painted in custard pie fashion, yellow with white trimmings, and its brown barn back up against the rich dark green of

EARTH, SUN AND STARS,

Wonderful and Interesting Facts From the Late Prof. Proctor's Latest Work.

Modern astronomers have not neglected

the earth. They have not only measured

our globe-they have weighed it, and the

tonpage takes twenty-one figures for its

expression. That is to say, the sum total

goes into the middle of the trillions. Then follow the measuring and weighing of the solar system. Light, proceeding with ten thousand times the velocity of the earth in its orbit, gives us some idea of distance, when we learn that its flight from the sun when we have complex rather programmes.

when we learn that its flight from the sun to our globe occupies rather more than eight minutes. Sound, traveling in air, would require above fourteen years to accomplish such a journey. Considered as a luminary, the sun has an intrinsic lustre between three and four times greater than that of the electric light when the latter is at its brightest. The molitar metal in a liessemer conventer is

molten metal in a Hessemer converter is 5,000 times fainter than the sun. As for

the woods.

Up to this point most of the pines have been ludicrous dwarfs, mingled with scrub oaks, to which the rustling leaves cling throughout the winter. Beyond the house, the road, no longer a street, plunges into a

at the old Laurel House—the one in the heart of the village and nearest the station—when Mrs. Cleveland was there before going to the cottage and when every woman in the place fell down and worshipped the

in the place fell down and worshipped the child from a discreet distance.

Saturday evening Lakewood was in festive mood. For the first time this season Mrs. Cleveland attended a public "function," the occasion being the ball given by the cottagers. She was very quiet, did not dance, and seemed to enjoy the fun as much as any one present, but left at an early hour. She also dropped in at the free sing-

latitude as a slanting column in the west-ern horizon after sunset in the spring of the year.

Passing from the sun's immediate surroundings, we are introduced to the re-gion where it has been thought possible for a planet to circulate which has not been detected. The idea has been founded on certain unexpained teregularities in the movements of the planet Mercury. But the existence of the hypothetical Vulcan is now discredited, and the pecu-liar motion exhibited by the orbit of Merliar motion exhibited by the orbit of Mercury is attributed to the presence, between that planet and the sun, of multitudinous small bodies, individually invisible. Some of these may be of several tons, or even hundreds of tons, in mass; yet, considered with reference to the enormous region they occupy, they are but as planetary dust. Speculation has also been rife as to whether Venus has a satellite, and although proof is wanting, observations are on record which make denial difficult.

Our own planet may be studied in de-

denial difficult.

Our own planet may be studied in detail. The history of the earth is measured by millions of years, and Mr. Proctor has ventured to predict millions of 5,000 times fainter than the sun. As for the solar heat, its production appears to be yet somewhat of a mystery. If the sun were all coal, and that of the best quality, the entire mass—if emitting the heat now sent forth—would be burned up in less than 6,000 years. Nevertheless, we are told that the sun may be depended upon for a few millions of years in the future, though not for tens of millions. We may accept the lesser period as sufficient for ordinary purposes, although the sun is likely to be of little service for some time before he quite goes out.

In relation to our great luminary, as well as the celestial objects generally, the spectroscope and the photographic camera have proved invaluable adjuncts to the telescope. They have rendered special assistance in elucidating the real nator has ventured to predict millions of years to come, unless some catastrophe intervenes, of which there is "no sign of likelihood." Looking back, we may at least be thankful that certain past ages of the earth are gone forever, including the era when a fiery atmosphere, laden with destructive vapors, burst forth in tremenduous storms, while malficent clouds discharged torrents of hot water, mixed with sulphuric acid and other corrosive compounds. It is well that the mixed with sulphuric acid and other cor-rosive compounds. It is well that the gigantic insects of a later period no longer exist, and that the gincial visita-tions are for the present suspended. But, in the absence of any catastrophe, the earth's decay is an assured fact. The water supply, including the volume of the seas, is destined to dimhrish, though any serious deficiency will not accrue until camera have proved invaluable adjuncts to the telescope. They have rendered special assistance in educidating the real mature of the rose-tinted border of light, and the red prominences bursting forth from it, seen to encircle the sun at the time of a total eclipse. The very existence of these prominences was the subject of doubt down to 1842, and, in some degree, even as recently as 1863, when spectroscopic analysis was first applied to their examination. But now we have absolute proof that the great globe of the sun is surrounded by a deep layer of colored matter, whence enormous protuberances start out, composed of glowing gas, principally hydrogen, the radiant columns attaining, in some instances, to such a height that ten of our worlds might be piled, one upon another, within the mass, and yet fall short of the summit. In 1860 photography was first employed to secure views of the corona, the aureole of light which is seen to surround the sun during a total eclipse. The inner corona is considered due to the presence of tenuous and diffuse gases, varying from time to time in their luminosity, and rising to a height of about 200,000 miles. But there is an outer corona of much greater extent, apparently connected with meteoric and cometic matter. Further away still serious deficiency will not accrue until the time of earth's "extreme old age." The action of the tidal wave is appar-ently reducing the rate of the earth's ently reducing the rate of the earth's rotation, making a longer day. The action must be very minute, yet if it is real the effect will be palpable enough after the lapse of millions of years. In addition to this, there is warning given that artificial processes are exhausting the earth's stores, and if man continues to use up the materials at his command at the same rapidly increasing rate as in recent times, it is possible that in a few thousand years, instead of millions, the earth will be no longer habitable by clv-

earth will be no longer habitable by civilized varieties of the human family.

The orbit of Neptune, thirty times further from the sun than that of the earth, forms the outer boundary of the solar system. The distance is immense, yet shrinks into insignificance compared with that which lies beyond. So vast is the gulf which intervenes between our earth and the stellar universe, that although many of our stars are, in all probability, larger and brighter than our sun, and

degrees below zero," said Captain Bradshaw the veteran of the place, to me as we were discussing that point.

"Wasn't it cold?" I asked.

"Oh, dear, no," replied the Captain enthusiastically. "You see the air here is so dry and bracing that—"

That's just the way real estate men talk in That's just the way real estate men talk in the captain of the captain enthusiastically."

Jerusalem and everywhere else. However, the Captain is right. Lakewood, with the virgin forest drives, is a beautiful place, and when the Clevelands leave for Washington

some very considerably so, yet the most powerful telescope is not able to give them any appreciable diameter, a mere point of light being all that is visible, even when the great Lick telescope is directed to the brightest among them. This of itself does not prevent the determination of distance, but in only a few cases has there been an approach to an actual estimate. The least extent runs into billions of miles. Some notion of the reality may be derived from the fact that reality may be derived from the fact that if our sun were removed to about two hundred thousand times its present distance from the earth, it would appear to us simply as a star of the first magnitude. The distance in such a case would exceed nineteen billions of miles. It follows that if the nearest fixed star is further off than this, as appears to be the fect, every star of the first magnitude must be larger or brighter than our sun. According to one reckoning, our sun seen from the distance of Sirius would appear as a star of the fourth magnitude. Sir Robert Bail, ascribing to Sirius a distance of one hundred billions of miles tude. Sir Robert Ball, ascribing to shrus a distance of one hundred billions of miles states that the sun would be altogether invisible from such a range, its apparent size—if it could be called apparent—being reduced to that of a half-penny seen six-

teen hundred miles away. A strange hypothesis preschts itself in the argument for the existence of dark stars. Mr. Raynard calculates that a dark body, equal to the sun in size, and only six hundred times more remote, would probably be overlooked by our astronomers. Thus we have as heightly universe in addimay have an invisible universe, in addi-tion to that which meets the eye. The star Algol is known to have a dark comstar Algol is known to have a dark com-panion, and there may be other dark orbs in space. The extent to which movement has been detected among the so-called fixed stars is a notable achievement in astronomy. In one instance a star is es-timated to proceed at the rate of sixtyseven miles per second or even one one hundred miles. Our own sun is a one hundred miles. Our own sun is a star, traveling through space, with all the attendant planets, at the rate of eighteen miles per second. There is, accordingly, a chance that in 45,000 years we shall come abreast of the milky way, and in a similar space of time pass through it, so as to view things from the other side. Something more will then be known about the nebulae than we can now determine, though it is hard to say what may happen in the interval.—London Standard.

Pure Blood

And vigorous health follow the use of Dr. David's Iodo-Ferrated Sarsaparilla. For all diseases of the blood and skin it has with no superior. Physicians are prescribing the it with the best results. It has cured many others of the worst kind of blood disorders, and will cure you. Remember Dr. David's Iodo-Ferrated Sarsaparilla, and and take no other.

THOUGHT. RELIGOUS

GATHERED FROM THE RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR PRESS.

Pondering on Religious and Moral Subjects.

THE LIFE DIVINE.

That God is Love, unchanging Love,— This truth of truths,—do I not know? What countless blessings from above Forever come to tell me so!

What have I done? What can I do To purchase this perpetual feast? Of all the proofs he loves me so, I am not worthy of the least

Forgive, dear God, forgive, forgive, Set free this self-bound heart of mine, That I may learn for Thee to live The self-renouncing Life Devine. ree it in Thy Holy Child, As never since, nor e'er before, By not one thought of self beguiled-In him I see it, and adore.

Ourselves, ah! never can we find Till we are lost, like Him, in Thee, Loving Thy Love with heart and mind, With Thee, through Him, made one

There's no return that I can make

For all Thy goodness, God, to me, But, doing all things for Thy sake, To lose myself in loving Thee. -Rev. W. H. Furness, D. D. The Presence of the Christ-Life.

The Presence of the Christ-Life.

Strange to say, in the very days when Pericles was building the Parthenon on the Acropolis, and Phidias was fashioning the gold and ivory status of Jupiter, which was called one of the Seven Wonders of the World, Aspasia was destroying the home or Pericles, and introducing a degradation of morals, side by side with the finest and noblest developments of the finest and noblest developments of the finest and noblest developments of the finest and prosperity are overthrown. It was the same in Rome. The Augustan age was famous for its poetry, its architecture, its military achievements, its elegant manners, and luxurious tastes; but, alas, it was marked also by licentinusness and the unfolding of evil influences that soon culminated in the fearful excesses and tyrannies of the emperors. Rome murdered Rome. The upward flight of the imperial eagles was checked by the weight of libertinism in both the aristocratic and low classes. With these historic examples before him, Matthew Arnold might weil declare, as he did that unless France ceased from her "There is a timidity as to the outcome with these historic examples before him. Matthew Arnold might well declare, as he did, that unless France ceased from her licentiousness she would have no future. Mr. Arnold plainly saw that "there is a power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." and that without obedience to this righteousness men can never become noble nor blessed. It was Jesus who revealed to our race the personal embodiment of this righteousness in human affairs. His example of spotless innocence has become the ideal and inspiration of the most exalted and influential souls of Christendom. His words have entered into the life of millions. In short, it is the supernatural element in the person, character, instructions, miracles and atonthe supernatural element in the person, character, instructions, miracles and atoning work of our Lord that constitutes the new and mighty force essential to the purification and perpetuity of the highest culture and the most complete social happiness. And how strange it was that Matthew Arnold did not see this. He realized the absolute necessity of a right-cousness that came from a power out of and above ourselves, and yet he was blind to Christ's indwelling Divinity and ability as such to impart the Spirit as the source of regeneration and sanctification. Without the presence of this Christ-life through the Spirit there can be no hope for the moral transformation of mankind. Christ differs from Piato precisely in this, that he regenerates the soul, whereas Plato does not. Christ is Saviour, because he is the author of a new life within the believer. Not coly will be he at the less.

Our Christianity.

he is the author of a new life within the believer. Not only will He be at the last day the Resurrection and the Life, but

He is the power to-day that raises a sin-ner from deadness in sin to a new life of holiness.—Christian at Work (Evangeli-

We look at our Christianity to-day and know that there is in it a fullness and a richness that no other religion has shown in all the world. We cannot bear to pic-ture to ourselves what the world would be ture to ourselves what the world would be if Christianity were taken out of it to-day, and yet, looking a little deeper, we see in it a mixture of certain things that make us tremble and shudder, and we say to ourselves, is this the religion that came down through Christ from God? We cannot explain it unless we understand that this strain of human history is one that has been flowing since the beginning of life, purifying itself as it flows. It is continually casting away that which is impure, and by the very process, just as we learned from David's Psalms, is always gathering to itself that which it did not possess at first. There-Psaims, is always gathering which it did not possess at first. Therefore, it may be hopeful to the Christian Church to know that that which came out of the soul of Jesus in absolute purity, entering into the midst of the confusion of the world, and has been

church to know that that which came out of the soul of Jesus in absolute purity, entering into the midst of the confusion of the world, and has been gathering to itself a mixture out of the confusion ever since, has always had the power, never ceasing, of attaining to a purity which shall be complete; and, therefore, we may still look forward with expectation, and rejoice in the glory of the ultimate life of man when it shall have become completely Christian.

Then what shall we say of our own weak Christian experience? We are Christian. There was a time, we are certain of it—more certain than of anything else in the world—when we came into Christ, and the source from which our life then proceeded was absolute purity; but out of ourselves and the circumstances from which we are surrounded there has come a mixture into that Christian life, until it is the poor, muddy, clouded stream that we see here to-day. And unless we believe that there is in it a power of purification, a continual influence, not of ourselves, which has always and is puritying the thought and rectifying the fudgment, producing humility and honor, what use would there be in going forward in this life, which is such a poor, imperfect thing to-day? There is a power of direction in the Christian experience; and, as the saints will tell you, according to the blessedness they have felt in the Christian life, that life has struggled forward into the purity with which it first started out from the bosom of Christ.—Phillips Brooks.

"Too Clever by Half."

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It seems as if there were already emerging a Christianity of mere conduct, consisting of kind feelings toward manemerging a Christianity of mere conduct, consisting of kind feelings toward mankind, with benevolent institutions of all sorts for the relief or social legislation for the prevention of all manner of distress. The holy places of the next stage may have "built on them a dispensary, a kitchen, a social hall, a lyceum and mayhap a stage." It is not very easy to understand why such a development should retain the name of Christianity, except out of a mere compliment to the memory of an atrophid "supernaturalism;" and, on the other hand, nothing is more remarkable in the teaching of Christ, on one side, than the total absence of all schemes and plans for the machinery of practical benevolence. But this whole theory seems open to the objection that it is not really demanded, nor perhaps countenanced by the history of the past. The development of Christianity has not been a series of transformation scenes or metamorphoses, like egg. caterpillar, chrysolis and butterfly. On this theory the been a series of transformation scenes or metamorphoses, like egg, caterpillar, chrysolis and butterfly. On this theory the disciples who had least Christianity were the aposties. They lived before the "dogmatism, ecclesiasticism and experimentalism" of the past, as well as the "conduct" of the future. Moreover, what is called the dogmatic period was equally ecclesiastic.

It witnessed the complete establishment of the patriarchal system—a wonderful centralization of power in a small clist archy, which in the West was exchange under extreme pressure of circumstance for the closer centralization of a mon archy. One may always suspect a theory of human development which seems to explain everything with absolute completeness. It lies under the objection of being "too clever by half."—The Churchman (Episcopal).

"Could I Forget Myself in God," "Could I Forget Myself in God,"
'Twas gloricus, to doubt, to be
One of the strong winged Hierarchy,
To burn with Seraphs, or to shine
With Cherubs, deathlessly divine;
Yet I, perhaps, poor earthly clod,
Could I lorget myself in God,
Could I but find my nature's clew
Simply as birds and blossoms do,
And but for one rapt moment know
'Tis Heaven rust come or we must go,
Should win my place as near the throns
As the pearl angel of its zone,
And God would listen 'mid the throns
For my one breath of perfect song,
That in its simple human way
Said all the Hest of Heaven could say,

—James Russell Lowell.

Keeping the Body Pure,

"If this were the last word that I were ever to speak to any audience I should like to say that, after a long life in which I have been acquainted with many men of science, many men of letters, many men whose business it was to work their brains, and to work them hard, even harshly, I can testify to you, as they would testify to you, that, If the brain is to do its work, it is to be kept at work, if it is to produce the marvels of literature, the spirit and body must be kept pure, kept under subjection. You know how many instances there have been where the noblest promise has been flung away because the purity of life was not there. There was not that personal purity by which one alone sees the love of God."—Edward Everett Hale. "If this were the last word that I

On the Sabbath.

"On the Sabbath every man ought to think of death, not to think of death languidly, but to bring it in bold relief before his eyes; to gaze at it as if he were hereafter to meet it, and to learn from this effort of his mind the most difficult and the most sublime of all lessons. This is the season in which we are called on to fling off the drapery of the world, to forget we are powerful, to forget we are young, to forget we are rich, to pass over all the scenes of life till we get at the last, and to remember only that we must die and be judged by the Son of God."—Sydney Smith.

"There is a timidity as to the outcome of doctrinal movements and discussion which is not of faith. Some good people would be glad to put an end to such discussions, that they might be sure they never would lead to undesirable conclusions. But the providence that controls the movements and agitations of the mental world is rever more manifestly wise than in permitting and evoking differences of views of the great problems of life and its divine relations."—Sunday School Times. Life is a Mission.

Every other definition of life is false, and leads all who accept it astray. Religion, science, philosophy, though still at variance upon many points, all agree in this, that every existence is an aim.—Mazzini.

Religious Notes.

Religious Notes.

The Rev. Samuel Small, the noted evangelist, has returned to journalism, having accepted a place on the editorial staff of the Atlanta Constitution, the same paper on which he was some years ago.

The Bible training school, in Phelps Hall, to be carried on in connection with the Normal and Industrial Institute, at Tuskagee, Ala., opened January 11th. In addition to the regular course of instruction, lectures will be given during the year by the most eminent white and colored men, North and South.

The selection of a successor to Professor yon Hoist, formerly of the University of Preiburg, and now of the University of Chicago, has caused a great deal of trouble in Baden, for confessional reasons. The dutchy is strongly Catholic, while the Grand Duke is Protestant. A compromise was effected by the selection of two men for the department of history, Dr. Erich Marks being called to the chair of modern history, and the Catholic Dr. Aloys Schulte as ordinarius of history, especially that of Baden.

Since the departure of Professor Socin,

especially that of Baden.

Since the departure of Professor Socia, of Tubingen, to become the successor of the late Professor Fleischer, at Leipzig, the chair of Semitic philology at the former university has been vacant. Dr. Nestle, the well-known Syriac scholar, and a member of the faculty at the Gymnasium at Ulm, has temporarily filled the place, and recently was selected to do so for one term more. Probably he will be called permanently to this chair.

The question of union between the Con-

so for one term more. Probably he had be called permanently to this chair.

The question of union between the Congregationalists and Presbyterians in Canada has been up before the Toronto Presbytery, and will come before the next General Assembly. It is reported that a large number of prominent Congregational ministers are anxious for a conference in the matter.

At a public meeting, held in December, the women of Stanislau in Galicia resolved to wear mourning during the present year, the centennial anniversary of the second partition of Poland. They also bound themselves not to attend balls or other festivities during the same period. Their patriotic example has been followed by the women of other Galician towns.

The project of forming a Federal Union The project of forming a Federal Union among the Lutheran, Reformed, Free Churches, Methodists and Baptists (Federation des Eglises) has been agitated of late in France. The object is to prevent an undivided evangelical front against the Roman Catholic Church and in the relations of the Protestant Churches to the Government. The movement finds least favor in Le Temoignage, the Lutheran organ, which demands an inner unity before attempting an outward union.

before attempting an outward union.

The project of summer courses of legitures for the clergy has been successfully tried in Germany during the last season by both Protestants and Roman Catholics. The former had their school in Bonn, and the theological professors of that institution delivered lectures on the modern aspect of the cheological sciences to a good gathering of pastors on their vacations. The Catholics held a socalled Popular University (Volksuniversilat), chiefly with practico-socialogical courses, in Gladbach.

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